Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, JUNE 11, 1914 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Unity Hymns and Chorals

Edited by
WM. C. GANNETT and FREDERICK L. HOSMER

In studying hymn-books either for private or for Church uses, send for a copy of the above for inspection, to be returned free of cost if not wanted.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
700 Oakwood Boulevard - - - CHICAGO

Are you going to be at the Tower Hill Summer School this year? If so, bring along any of the poems of Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, the little book of Modern Verse edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, or any other modern poet. A revised edition of the Apocrypha will give you pleasure.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 231
The Coming of the Women 232

THE PULPIT—

Why Go to Church on Sunday? IV. The Sermon.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 234

CONTRIBUTED—

To the Clergy of the United States.—Frederick Lynch 233
A Brutish Materialism.—James G. Townsend 238
A Great Citizen—The Life of Gerrit Smith—Chapter XII.—Charles Edwin Perkins 239

SELECTED—

Everything Convenes 241

THE FIELD—

Meadville Theological School 242
The Temperance Posters 242
Mr. Crooker in England 242

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR Ice Cream
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue,
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
COLLEGE COURSES lead to Bachelors' Degrees.
HOME ECONOMICS Training Course for Teachers.
SEMINARY admits to Eastern and Western Colleges.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Piano, Voice, Violin, New Two-Manual Organ.
ART, ELOCUTION, ATHLETICS. Location combines advantages of city and country. For information specify College or Seminary catalogue. MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

Sample Copies of
UNITY
Sent anywhere upon application

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1914 NUMBER 15

DON'T DREAM, BUT DO!

'Tis an easy thing, if you want to know
How sweet the summer is, just to go
Down in the fields, or deep in the wood,
Or fain toward the swash of the sea.
For they all will teach you how heavenly good
Such wholesome places be.
If you seek the soul's warm summer, too,
Don't dream, but do!

—*Richard Burton.*

We take pleasure in printing in another column the letter of Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, concerning certain prizes offered by that organization for studies on international peace. These prizes are offered to the pastors of churches, students of theological seminaries, church members, and Sunday School pupils. Is there not some way by which encouragement of study on these lines could be connected up with the public school system of America? Then the chances for a measure of strength, a competitive struggle more elevating would be possible, and such contests ought to be more inspiring than those of the brutal football gridiron and the olympic aspirations of the athletic field.

Jacob Riis wrote a book on "The Making of an American," which all the timid patriots who are borrowing trouble on account of the "immigration danger" would do well to read, but his own life is a more eloquent refutation of the argument of timidity than anything published in his convincing book (convincing because full of well established facts). The earnest life of Jacob Riis is the most convincing fact of all. Jacob Riis was once a poor immigrant in New York, knowing not which way to turn in order to earn an honest living. It was given to him to disclose to the more prosperous half of American life how the other half lived. It was given him to reach thousands and thousands of would-be Americans with his voice; his printed pages will perpetuate and prolong his message for through these, it is, that he yet speaketh.

Edwin D. Mead, in the *Boston Advertiser,* has a tender and appreciative notice of the death of Mrs. Edward Everett Hale, which occurred a few days after Dr. Hale's statue was uncovered in the public garden at Boston. Mr. Mead says:

The passing of Mrs. Hale may almost be said to mark the close of the historic epoch in Unitarian life of which we speak, a period in our Boston life noteworthy not only for the brilliant group of preachers, but for the distinction of the family and social life of which they were the centers. To this cultivated and noble life Mrs. Hale's quiet contribution was conspicuous. A daughter of Connecticut, with the blood of two of its historic families, she was married to Dr. Hale in 1852, in the middle of his ten years' pastorate at Worcester.

Mrs. Hale was a member of the Beecher family and well maintained the reputation of that family for hospitality, generosity and a gospel-full interest in all high causes. In her the great humanitarian preacher and leader found a worthy helpmate.

The exposure by Dr. Liebknecht of the Krupp scandal in Germany, concerning war lobbies, recently mentioned in UNITY, is followed up by further exposures on the part of the doctor, as announced in the progressive paper, *Vorwarts.* A recent cablegram from Berlin to the *Chicago Daily News* tells of an investigation, in the Reichstag, of the scandal of selling titles, with the result that evidence has been found that the selling of these titles is a business which our German neighbors across the water have learned to practice. The title of "Professor" was sold three years ago for $10,000. This title can be obtained much cheaper in America. It can be had for the asking by any barber, dancing master, or drum major. The title to knighthood comes higher. It is known to have been sold for as high as $200,000. Unfortunately, that is a commodity which is obtainable in America only by ladies, and they acquire it only by successful marriage.

Europe, as well as Canada and the United States, has a Peace Centennial on hand. The hundredth anniversary of the Peace at Vienna which rearranged Europe and sent Napoleon to Elba is to be celebrated September 15 to 19 by a Peace Congress at that city, it being also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first "Universal Peace Congress." It will meet in the Austrian Parliament Building and will concern itself with very practical discussions, such as: "The Economic Influence on Commerce and Industry," "A Draft Convention for the Reduction of Armaments," "Education as a Method of Insuring the Peace of the World," "An International Navy as Police Force," "The Participation of Parliaments in Foreign Policy." We hope that this European Centennial will be the occasion of much study in the schools and popular enlightenment through the pulpits. If only the preachers could be

converted to the gospel they themselves profess, and valiantly follow the Prince of Peace, whose precepts they so exploit, whose example they so belie in practice, the Kingdom of God would come rapidly on the Earth.

There is an opportunity for some enterprising firm to do a good stroke of business and at the same time a large piece of missionary work in the cause of Peace by making available, commercially, a line of white bordered banners. Ever since the white bordered banner was given to the breeze over the Abraham Lincoln Centre during its dedication week nine years ago, there has been constant inquiry as to where the white bordered banner can be purchased, but as yet no business house has appreciated the opportunity. Thousands of earnest men, women and sympathetic children would like to fly this symbol of international love and peace from their flagpoles, carry it in their processions, or wear it in their buttonholes, if it were only procurable. A white border on the three free sides of the flag, of about the width of the stripes in the flag itself, could be easily and cheaply manufactured in the original factory and once offered to the public it would be a symbol of a great reform, an invitation to a larger fellowship, a provocative of nobler patriotism. UNITY will be glad to advertise free of cost any such patriotic business venture. Where can the white bordered banner be obtained for the coming celebration of the fourth day of July?

The story of the brick makers' strike, in Chicago, recently closed after months of enforced hardship upon thousands and thousands of innocent women and children, and reluctant thousands of working people in no wise related to the brick makers, is another contribution to the labor problem; a problem that needs to be interpreted in terms that can be understood by employer and employee. The final settlement came, as all settlements come, by arbitration; a surrender on both sides to the judgment of disinterested parties; the terms of peace were the decision of a court, however informally appointed. The whole building industry in Chicago was tied up for weary weeks, to the distress of capitalists. Meanwhile the diet of little children was becoming more and more meagre and the hard and slowly accumulated reserve funds of honest workmen decreased day by day. War, in the industrial sense, is as great a fallacy commercially and as cruel an atrocity ethically, as war in the military sense. Ultimately, disputes can only be settled by an appeal to reason, by submission to constituted authorities. There are no disputes between individuals that a compulsory court can not settle; and similar authority must eventually be established, by common sense embodied in law, over all disputants. whether they be organized labor, organized capital or governments.

A plentitude of grace, a storehouse of knowledge, tides of love and a radiant cheer passed out of the perishable tent into more permanent quarters, in the "house not made with hands," when William M. R. French passed from his high tasks in Chicago through the gates of death. Mr. French for over thirty-five years has been a benignant power in this city. He was the "still small voice" in a boisterous city. He converted dollars into beauty, and touched men under the mad spirit of money-making, with patience. The Art Institute, which shelters the most populous art school in the world, which has challenged the admiration of experts from all over the world, came into being in response to his quiet persistency and commanding skill. The acquaintance of the present writer with Mr. French began in the Janesville days back in the '70s, when the young man from Chicago entertained the Sunday School of All Souls Church with a charming interpretation of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin." It was then difficult to tell which delighted the children most; the interpreting crayon or the more subtle interpretations of the voice. Through all the intervening years the intimacy then begun has continued. Mr. French demonstrated the democracy of art and the gospel element in beauty. Though director of a great schcool representing vast investments, he found time to superintend the Sunday School in a little suburban church, year after year; to preside over the deliberations of the Howard Association, whose business it is to lend a hand to convicts as they are restored to the world, weakened by prison experiences. A dear gentleman, a skillful teacher, he became a father to the host of pupils he directed. He was a lay brother in the great Catholic Church of Humanity. His life blessed with usefulness has left a mighty metropolis to call his name blessed.

The Coming of the Women

As we go to press the women of the nation are taking possession of the city of Chicago. They are coming from all directions. The papers will give the figures; thousands of them will crowd the various hotels and they will attend with unflagging devotion upon the requirements of a most exacting program.

The host of women guests in Chicago this week represent a picked body. A severe process has been at work selecting the material for this great Federation. To belong to a Woman's Club is of itself a mark of distinction, for membership in Women's Clubs, particularly the high and prosperous ones, is

not easily secured. There is such a process of "vouching" and "balloting" that only the brave and heroically backed, dare apply.

Once in the club, official honors come high. It means brains or a pleasing substitute for the same; it means a degree of "Presence"; there is also an element of drygoods in it, but above all it means unflagging devotion to the club, regular attendance, business efficiency and a power to speak to the point; and if high honors are to be secured, a working efficiency in "Robert's Rules of Order."

The National Federation of clubs, it is safe to say, will be conducted with a business promptness, a parliamentary dignity and a fidelity to the program, which would be quite impossible in a body of a quarter the size among a gathering of male citizens in America. It is a pity that members of legislative bodies, state and national, can not be sent to school to these women. They will shame the slovenly blundering of the men in deliberative bodies. Men expose their ignorance in regard to the most commonplace rules of procedure on the part of any deliberative body with which they may be connected.

This body of women will represent a high spiritual selection, for the Federated Clubs of America take themselves very seriously and they have applied themselves assiduously to high problems. They have studied child welfare at close range. The technicality of the garbage business, the smoke nuisance, city terminals and subways; they have these all at their fingers' ends. They have studied these problems and are conversant with the latest word on all these subjects. Many of them have traveled far and studied all the way.

Imposing and promising as this gathering may be, it is not without its depressing elements for it has within itself certain self-limiting if not self-destroying weaknesses. The crowning imbecility of the woman's club movement lies in its sex limitation. *Men* gatherings in the United States have run to seed; their coarseness, inefficiency and injustice have become a matter of public scandal. There is a limit to the nobility and efficiency of any *women's* gathering. One-half of these delegates might well have stayed at home if the other half could have been accompanied by men: husbands, brothers, fathers and sweethearts. The "woman's movement" is no more than a "man's movement," the last word of civic well-being and democratic efficiency.

It is announced that the "committee has ordered" that in the General Assembly the women are to have their hats off. This is good news, but there is reason to fear that the "Hat" and the "Robe," the milliner and the modiste, will be obtrusive in their contributions to this Federation. Spite of certain noble protests from some high in authority the "Saratoga Trunk-Special" encumbers too much of the express service of the trans-continental lines in America this week. The higher potency of women is disintegrated when the "Styles" are too obvious. At such gatherings *"Fashion"* ought to be made *unfashionable,* simple dress is part of the simple life, which is always an indispensable element in spiritual power.

There are also grounds to fear that so large a body will, to a degree, defeat its own ends. Too much time will be wasted on secondary things and there will be a tremendous tax on body and mind to run the magnificent machine. There is danger that the moral forces of this great body will be somewhat dissipated. There are two or three supreme issues in the civic life of America, against the saloon, the war for racial justice, and the struggle to maintain America's prophetic character, to make it still the hope of the oppressed, the "promised land" for exiles for conscience sake, for contenders for intellectual independence and religious freedom. All these represent the prime calls upon this Federation and however successful it may be in other directions, disloyalty or indifference to these supreme demand will bring disappointment.

UNITY rejoices in the presence of these women. It heartily welcomes them to the higher confidences of Chicago and it glories in the prophetic power they represent.

To the Clergy of the United States

A Letter from the Secretary of The Church Peace Union

GENTLEMEN:

Through the kindness of the press, I am taking this opportunity of addressing you concerning some matters in which you will be greatly interested, and of asking your kindly co-operation in the great cause of furthering international goodwill.

In the first place, The Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries of the United States.

3. One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday-school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among

the church members and the Sunday-school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, The Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Sunday Schools of the United States. In competing for the prizes only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday School, the essays of the local church and Sunday School being read by a local committee and the one winning essay forwarded.

It is hoped that from the thousand dollars ($1,000) prize offered to clergymen one or more essays may be found which will be worthy, not only of the prize, but also of publication and distribution by the Foundation.

All essays must be in by January 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be secured by addressing the Secretary of The Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The churches of the country will be interested in knowing that a world conference of ministers interested in the peace movement has been called by The Church Peace Union for the first week in August (3d to 8th) in Switzerland. The German Church Peace Council and the British Church Peace Council are arranging to carry a large number of delegates to this conference, and they hope to meet there many clergymen from America. It will be a rare opportunity for the American clergymen to meet their European brethren. This conference will be of an intimate nature rather than of the nature of a great public demonstration; but it is hoped that it may lead up to a great world congress of the churches in the near future. While the Union is asking the churches to appoint official delegates, and while several of the leading peace workers among the clergy have been especially asked by the Union to attend this conference, *every clergyman traveling in Europe in August* is not only invited most cordially to be present, but if he is interested in the great world movement toward closer brotherhood and goodwill and the union of the churches in all social reform, he is strongly urged to take part in the discussions. The only credentials demanded will be the desire to help the cause. A great many American clergymen will be traveling in Europe this summer, and the Union earnestly hopes that they will adjust their tour so as to be in Switzerland for this first week in August. I would like to hear as soon as possible from any clergyman who is to be in Europe this summer and who would be interested in taking part in this gathering. It will be a very unique meeting, the first of its nature ever held, perhaps the beginning of a great movement. Whoever attends will have the opportunity of meeting some of the leading pastors of both Great Britain and the Continent.

(Signed) *Frederick Lynch,*
Secretary.

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal Street when he met a woman with her youthful family. "So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex." "Yassah," the woman replied; "yassah, dat's a girl, too."—*Exchange.*

THE PULPIT

Why Go to Church on Sunday?

Or the Helpful Elements in the Social Sanctuary

A Series of Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

IV.

The Sermon

May 17, 1914

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

With gladness we would serve Thee this morning, Father, gladness for the inspirations of the past, gladness in the revelations of the present, and we pray that we may look into the future with gladness. May we anticipate the unseen with courage and greet the unknown with a cheer. May we trust, where we cannot see and hope, where we may not prove. In the midst of turmoil and hatred, of jealousy and bitterness, of opposition and warfare, may we hear this morning the lark's song of peace, a Song in the hearts of thy children, which ushers in the coming day,—the glad song of anticipation which thrills in the hearts of birds and men in this budding season of new hopes and new revelations. Make us glad in the children thou hast given us, in the manliness and womanliness of middle life, even in the weakness and tottering helplessness of old age. Ever more glad as becomes children of thine, residents in this rolling world that swings ever into daylight and moves ever towards the fruition of hope and love. Amen.

SERMON.

We have tried on successive Sunday mornings to discover the educational and spiritual value that comes from the modern church service. Considered only as a Bible school, which periodically calls the attention of men and women to the sacred classics of the spirit, it has proven its great value. Take the Bible upon its rendered value, submit it to all the tests of criticism, the investigations of scholarship, and it still remains a great treasure house of wisdom, of ethics and of spiritual exaltation. I declare then that if the church service does nothing else than to introduce us, even in this fragmentary way, to the great classics of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, it renders us an incalculable service.

Next I tried to enforce the spiritual truth that if the Sunday morning service did nothing for us but to store our minds with a few of the great hymns, poems forged in the deep experiences of gifted men; hymns representing the accumulated devotion of our fore-elders the classics of devotion, which have survived the tests of time, it did a great thing. I said that poor indeed is he whose mind is not furnished with some great hymns.

Once again, I tried to state the value of that most delicate feature of the service—the attempt to put into words the aspirations of a congregation, not prayer but prayers.

This morning I will try to vindicate the *sermon* as an element of power in modern life. Let there be no accent of special pleading here. I offer no apologies for the preacher. He, like all the other servants of

our times, must stand the test of utility. I deal with an unpopular subject when I plead for sermon values in modern life. The preacher-schools are the only schools in America that are apparently on the wane. All the theological schools in the country are sick, sick for want of students, and perhaps sick because of the incapacity to give inspiration to the few students they have. I face the fact that while other professional schools,—law, medicine, teaching and engineering, etc. —have increased perhaps a hundred-fold within the last fifty years, theological schools have scarcely held their own.

I admit again, that the preachers who are in the field seem to be waging a losing battle. Your presence here this morning testifies to a degree of fortitude on your part. It required a good deal of will power on the part of some of you, did it not? I do not mean to say that any of you came reluctantly, but I do mean to say that you row against the current when you come to church on a beautiful Sunday morning. The current of popular amusement, of mental and physical recreation—to give it the best name, sometimes I would spell it to be pronounced "indolence"—flows the other way. There is an attack of laziness that comes around one day in seven, the average business man finds that he sadly needs rest on Sunday. Many are duly impressed with the idea that the Lord reveals himself mostly in elm trees, green grass and singing birds, they are the Lord's revelations; but this morning I want to show, if I can, that the sermon has been and is a potent element in human history.

With all its limitations and possible stupidity, with all its dogmatism and crudity, the sermon stands on its literary merits even in modern culture. What I said of the hymn may also be said with a good deal of confidence of the sermon.

You may not realize it, but it takes a good deal of brain power to make even a poor sermon. If you do not believe it, try it! But you say your sermon is largely from books. I will lend you any twenty books in my library, take them and bring me back a sermon! "But your sermon is mostly made up of quotations." Well, take your quotations, plenty of them, only see to the connections, punctuation, etc., and then you have a job, even when you make sermons out of quotations. I tell you that tested by the mere cost of production, the exercise of mind, a poor sermon is a great deal higher creation than a good wheel-barrow. Greater zeal, greater concentration and focalization of mental forces, are enlisted.

I plead not only for the sermon in the abstract but I speak of the sermon in the concrete. If I took from the books on my library shelves, which number perhaps seven thousand, all those which have been given to the world over the pulpit I would leave some serious vacancies. The names with which scholars conjure—Stanley and Robinson, Martineau and Parker, Channing, Wesley, Beecher and Collyer, aye, Emerson himself—these have given scarcely anything to the world that did not come from over a pulpit or its equivalent.

Philosophers, metaphysicians and psychologists know that "James Martineau" is a name to conjure with. You may not agree with him, but you have no good right to an opinion in these realms if you have not reckoned with him. He himself, gratefully and humbly stated at the end of a career of ninety years and over, that very nearly everything he had given to the world had first been beaten out on the sermon anvil for his Sunday audiences. Much as we prize Emerson as a creator of literature, it is well to remember that there is scarcely anything in his splendid volumes that was not composed with an audience in mind. After being conceived by the inspirations of the preacher, they were first tested out upon an audience. It is useless to try to call the long roll. The statement will not be challenged, that a great amount of potent, modern literature has come over the pulpit. The sermon has splendidly vindicated itself in the realms of literature.

From the historical standpoint, the preacher has no apologies to offer, no excuses for his profession. Take the preacher out of Jewish and Christian traditions, and you take the back-bone out of history, the inspiration out of the generations. John Stuart Mill, the radical, placed the foundation of modern democracy, not in Greek art or Roman law, not in the great masters of poetry and the so-called classic languages, but in that group of Eighth Century preachers, Isaiah, Amos, Micah, Hosea, and their companions. They were simply plain preachers and their productions can be estimated only by studying them as sermons. They were deliverances to the times and for the times. The theological schools are stupid for one reason if not more. They have tried to help their students find the secrets of the Christian movement and the source of the Christian inspiration in the little bundle of literary documents called the New Testament. The Disciples and the Apostles left us nothing in print that is adequate to the explanation of their power. Christianity came into power in Asia Minor and crossed over into Europe from Jerusalem to Philippi, not by anything that Paul ever wrote—may the Lord forgive him, for he wrote some very difficult and ambiguous sentences—but by the persuasive power of the unwritten sermons of a valiant missionary. It was the extempore deliverances of those earlier Apostles that revolutionized Rome, inaugurated a new regime in history.

If we study the story of that greatest of human organizations, that widest and oldest organization of the West—the Roman Catholic Church—we will find that it reached its significance primarily, not through its metaphysical creeds, its Nicean and Athanasian controversies, not even through the metaphysics of Augustine, but through the mighty preaching of Chrysostom, Ambrose, Abelard, and the great inspirers of the Crusades. Benedict led his band of monks from the Monastery of Monte Casino in Italy pledged to the three graces of Labor, Chastity and Charity, and by virtue of his preaching, and that of his followers, conquered Europe in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, just as the Pilgrims and their associates conquered America, drained the marshes, felled the forests, plowed the ground, by virtue of the message they delivered.

When, in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Catholic centuries, preaching grew dull and formal, then that mighty preacher of Wittenburg nailed on the chapel door his thesis, which he justified not by the printed page, or by elaborate argument, but by the fervid eloquence of a reformer. Luther gave us the Reformation through the power of his preaching.

Again, when Protestanism began to be dull, stupid and formal, and the sermon began to be a negligible

quantity, then there rose in England that power to which I am never tired of referring, the man whom Green says wrought a greater social than religious revolution—the little great, John Wesley. He linked the carter to "My Lady," the plowman to the merchant, fusing them together by the power of inspired speech, by the force of a voice thrilling with sincerity. He preached England into decency, he preached Protestanism into fellowship, into practical efficiency. I can come nearer home. You know of our unmeasured debt to Channing and Parker and their followers.

There is an impression abroad, we meet it sometimes in a cynical smile that almost runs into a sneer, from the young men and women who come from our colleges, that nothing of value to them can be found in sermons. They affect a scholarship and intelligence which preachers are not capable of, or, in their pulpits, fail to vindicate! Of course, you may make any reservations you please, but again I submit that there is no class, no profession in modern life which is seen so conspicuously on the firing line of reform as these very preachers, who are deemed too stupid on Sunday and whose services are not sought. I know your doctors, your lawyers and professors, and I tell you there is more "trimming" and vacillation along those lines than there is among the clergy of Chicago today. If you want to find, at a venture, the man who is best informed on civic and social problems of today, go consult your preacher. There are a good many books he has not read that he ought to read, but he has read a good many more books than you have, and if you do not watch out he will show up your unjustifiable ignorance. As a matter of fact, the preachers in the pulpits of Chicago bring once a week a message that Chicago men and women cannot afford to put aside. I can pick the parishioners of certain men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there are certain men whom I can name, whose ministry has sent forth a constituency which is ever alert to social or economic problems, ready for civic service, and alive to the great issues of our day.

O. B. Frothingham, one of the most cultured men of the last generation, an honored product of Harvard College, both by acquirement and by inheritance, wrote a book, reflecting his great ministry in New York, on "The Pulpit, the Press and the Stage," in which, with his clear analytic power, he weighed each of these in the balance and unhesitatingly put the pulpit at the head of the list. The radical O. B. Frothingham, the independent O. B. Frothingham, who chafed even under the gentle bands of the Unitarian Denomination, who stood alone in the clear that he might be free,—this aggressive student, a lover of art and maker of poetry,—came to the conclusion that the pulpit was a greater power in modern life than either art or literature. You may not agree with him, but you have no right to differ with him until you have looked into the matter.

I plead for the sermon because in the past it has been a mighty power. I plead for the sermon because today it has no adequate substitute. The boy who goes to college may for a time disdain the preacher; the young woman who belongs to the sorority, may for a time think she needs not the inspirations of a Sunday service. Granted, for argument's sake, though it is a big assumption, but I submit to their intelligent consideration the fact that only a small fraction of society comes under the inspiring leadership of a college professor, only a small fraction of the human family ever come, into the co-operative energizing activities which all colleges undertake to foster in the interest of the well-being of society. There is no substitute that I can see for the moral stimulus, the higher instruction and inspiration, on questions that are pressing in the community—that is being received over the pulpits of America this very Sunday morning. And furthermore, poor and stupid as average audiences are, they still represent the hope of our country. They constitute the "old guard" that in the final struggle and strain for progress may be depended upon. Think it over yourself and see how true it is.

I make no arbitrary or empirical claim for the sermon. I appeal to history, I call the great roll—Isaiah, Paul, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Abelard, Luther, Zwingli, Knox, Fox, Wesley, Channing, Parker, Beecher,—father and son, Collyer, Swing and Thomas. To call this roll is to call the names of nation builders, of city makers, of patron saints of public education and the consecrators of homes, in Christian history and in modern times. There are reasons for all this and they are not far to seek.

First, the preacher, at least, speaks serious words in frivolous times; for the main part, they, at least, have gotten beyond the giggling age and beyond the snickering, spiritually devastating habit of trying to interpret everything in the terms of a joke. I know of nothing more ghastly than cultured men and women trying to work their way through life by the sweat of their risibles, depending upon conundrums, jokes, etc., to soften the rugged road and sooth the anxious spirit. Oh, it is refreshing, is it not, to come at least once a week into an atmosphere that takes life seriously, and makes no attempt to dispose of it as a joke? It remained for the United States in the Nineteenth century to develop a class of men who undertake to earn an honest living by the sweat of their risibles, professional humorists, who have taken joking as a vocation and are determined to succeed, if need be, at the cost of the dictionary and the English grammar.

Far be it from me to discount the humanity of laughter. I have great sympathy for that old philosopher who thought he had successfully differentiated man from all other animals when he said he was the only laughing animal, he had not known my dog Roger. It is true that the power to laugh is not only a human gift but a gift of civilization. The barbarian may snicker and giggle, but it takes a civilized man to laugh way down in his diaphram. The power to laugh is an acquired grace. Read Bergson on laughter, if you want to get deep into the metaphysics of the subject. But with all that admission the pulpit has a right to public respect, if for no other reason than that it checks frivolous words in serious times and takes life soberly.

In the second place, the pulpit's power is partly established in that it is continuously dealing with permanent issues and problems midst passing circumstances. The pulpit, so far as justified, is persistent in its "line upon line and precept upon precept."

I was first humiliated, then amused and finally consoled, by a recent experience. A few weeks ago in my Sunday afternoon service I tried to tell my people in a simple way of "The God I Worship." I flattered myself I had beaten out rather a fresh form for my

argument. No one says a new thing. Later in the week a friend took me out riding in her electric and she brought along an old note-book of her mother's, which had an account of a conference in Iowa at which her mother had reported a speech by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Wisconsin, containing the very *new* things I had delivered some three days before in Chicago. It first made me ashamed, then I was amused, and then glad! The minister, insofar as he is true to his vocation, must confine himself in the main to the few profound problems of life, Emerson says he found more inspiration from the old Bardic fragments of Taliesen, Aneurin and Llywarch Hen, who sang of Death, Duty and Destiny, than in volumes of modern poetry, because they dealt with the fundamentals of life. The pulpit, at least once a week, summons the thought back to some of the few fundamental problems of life.

I believe in the sermon because it is monotonous, because it is "line upon line and precept upon precept," and at the same time saves the primary essential from a deadly monotony by a degree of personal color and local application and variation. Therein lies the power of the liturgy, great thoughts put in classic phrase, reiterated so often that the mind finally lays hold of and feeds upon them. If the themes are few in the pulpit the appeal is still more limited and on that account more permanent.

There used to hang in my study two pictures of the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Grief. Guido Reni's famous one, with eyes cast upward, face touched with a radiance from above, expression of a soul trying to climb out of the sorrows of earth, striving to forget the pain and hopelessness of the grave by reaching upward. It is a helpful picture. Alongside of it hung Carlo Dolce's less famous, none the less significant picture. His Mother of Grief is not looking up, but with face downcast and eyes closed, she is looking inward, seeking the springs of courage from the depths of her own soul. I like both pictures. I suspect the latter is the more modern and the more profound. The pulpit in its poor stumbling way has ever tried to lift the eyes of mortals upward, or, turn them inward, and both attitudes are wholesome and necessary; if there be a substitute for the pulpit in this direction commend me to it, I do not know where it is. The sermon, is that which brings hope, peace and patience from the upward reaching or from the inward searching. The human soul hath great need of such help, and the sermon seems to be an indispensable element in the catalogue of helps on the heroic side.

After all is said and done, the wants and woes of life are largely within.

"How is your patient, Doctor?"
"Not so sick my Lord, as she is troubled with the thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest"

says the wise physician of Lady Macbeth.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?"

was the cry of the agonized Macbeth. And Mrs. Browning, thinking of the poor wan children of London, touched their higher needs and more adequate relief when she said,

"Put a thought beneath the rags
To ennoble the hearts' struggle."

This is just the mission of the sermon, the function of the preacher.

But the sermon like the hymn is only half told when you study it in the singular number. It is good physics which tells you that there is no sound where there are no ears, that this is a silent world except as its vibrations fall upon sensitive and reporting nerves. The sermon *is* stupid when it falls upon the stupid ears of a preoccupied audience. No preacher can ever be eloquent in the presence of an elegant audience stultified by overdress, distracted by other and lower cares, tainted with selfish ambitions. A sermon is no monologue. It is a social exercise, and there can be no acceptable preaching where there are no receptive listeners.

The preachers, even the poorest of them, do a good deal of strenuous work before they get to the pulpit. "Our preacher was inspired last Sunday," gossip the women at the sewing circle. But those behind the scenes knew that the preacher did not sleep well the night before, and had agonized all through the Sunday morning. The listener jumps into his Sunday clothes at the last minute and expects to be edified with no mental preparation, no spiritual readiness, no expectancy of heart, no commitment of soul. Of course, the sermon is not half so interesting as the Sunday sheet, nay it is not so refreshing as the belated sleep, or the overhearty breakfast. But given an audience that understands the economy of preparation and knows that the mind of the listener must be prepared before it can receive, then the humblest preacher, stumbling on the ladder upon which he would climb, brings refreshment.

Listen to the testimony of George Eliot, the most radical of writers, she whose mind had outgrown and left behind forms and dogmas, she said, "I never listen to the narrowest of evangelicals, but I find more to agree with than to differ from." What blessed receptivity there! How cultivated was the garden of her soul!

I would not shield the preacher from your criticism, but look well to your own soul and see whether you prepared yourself for the ministrations that appeal not to thankless or thoughtless critics.

Thinking of this subject my mind ever reverts to two great typical preachers. The great Savonarola, of the Fifteenth Century, in Florence and Theodore Parker, his great American brother, of the Nineteenth Century, in Boston. Neither of them preached sermons that were conventionally acceptable in form or length. "Don't say a word!" said Julia Ward Howe, as she burst into her home, the Blind Institute of Boston, two hours late from church. There were frowns on the faces of the whole family, but she anticipated their criticism as she exclaimed, "I have heard the greatest deliverance of my life, and the greatest deliverance I shall ever hear." Parker had preached that morning on Daniel Webster, a sermon that was two and a half hours long, and no one was tired. This was the Theodore Parker whom men counted it a privilege to walk ten miles from the country to hear deliver a grim gospel to Boston. He drove home, Isaiah fashion, the sins of his day and his city.

Such also was the great Savonarola. When the Pope, knowing of no other way to stop the mouth of this disturber of the peace in Florence, sent a delegation to offer him a Cardinal's hat, he replied, "I will

give my answer in the Duomo on Sunday morning," and people got up before daylight on that Sunday morning and gathered in the Duomo to hear him. His answer came in a more vigorous and direct assault upon the State and Church than he had ever delivered before. He said, "The only Cardinal's hat I covet is the red hat of martyrdom in this cause," and it came promptly. You remember the story of how he walked the plank to the gibbet, how he was hurried and pushed, his left arm wrenched from its socket by the rack, the right arm left unbroken that he might write his retraction on the way, but this he refused to do. On his path to glory he was met by a functionary who stripped him of his robes. He said, "They have taken from me my habit but I never dishonored it." Farther along he met another ecclesiastic, who, with cross in one hand and book in the other, proceeded to read the ex-communication, "I separate thee from the church militant and the church triumphant," and the poor Bishop was overcome with the grimness of his office and could hardly pronounce the words. But in clear tones, heard by the vast audience, came the response, "From the church militant, yes, but from the church triumphant, no! For that is beyond your power." Savonarola went to his burning, and history has vindicated the prophecy uttered on his way to the gallows. The "church triumphant" claims him! Generation after generation there has been a motion pending in the councils of the Roman Church to "Saint" Savonarola. Many want to give him an official halo which has as yet been withheld, but Savonarola does not need an official halo from the Church of Rome, though the Church of Rome sadly needs to purge itself from justification of the cruel martyrdom. We see now why it is that on the return of every 23d day of May, women and children in processions carry violets and distribute them on the pavement whereon the ashes of Savonarola, the great preacher, fell.

Savonarola was nobly born. He belonged to the high-stepping circles of Ferrara; his father, a man eminent in medical learning, looked forward to a brilliant career for his bright boy. But a plain monk—his name has been lost—by a passing sentence, which the big preacher failed to leave on record, touched the heart of that brilliant boy, who left the attractions of society and refused the privileges of the military, that he might give himself to the ministry.

That word of the unnamed monk was multiplied a thousand times in the eloquence of the great preacher of Florence. Lorenzo de Medici sent for him, when he heard that he was making a great name, for he coveted brilliant talent for Florence. Later Lorenzo tried to suppress him, but when he came to die he turned to this preacher of righteousness to shrive his soul. Savonarola said, "Three things are incumbent upon you and must be done before I give you absolution." "What are they?" asked the dying capitalist, the great banker, the "political boss" of his city and of his day. "First, an unqualified faith in the mercy of God." Lorenzo said, "I gladly and entirely assent." "Next, return your ill-gotten gold as soon as possible to those who are entitled to it." The dying man shied, but the case was urgent and he consented. "What is the third requirement?" "Restore to Florence her liberty!" The dying tyrant turned his face to the wall and died unshrived by the great preacher of Florence.

Let me not weaken my argument by over-statement. You think you would all go to church if you could hear a Theodore Parker or a Savonarola. I am not so sure of that, but my plea reaches from the brilliant man of books to the humblest servant of the Carpenter, who, week by week, by feeble rhetoric but true heart, tries to turn the minds of weary and overburdened men and women to ways of righteousness and paths of peace.

The sermon has a place in modern life and contains a factor of strength to the modern world.

Grant us Father, the peace of thought, the peace of helpfulness, the peace of love and measureless trust. Amen.

A Brutish Materialism

Prof. Wm. E. Ritter, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, has certainly given, from what he calls the "natural history standpoint," a black eye to "materialism." He has made a suggestion profoundly significant. He contends that scientific "materialism," in the way it treats the attributes of objects, cannot meet the "needs of man's deeper nature," and that there is something "genuinely brutish" in it. His view of what he calls the "natural history method" in opposition to "rational materialism" is going to have in the world of science and of religion a profound influence.

He says that in "materialism" the ideal functions of man's nature are not taken at their face value, that they are "nothing but manifestations of something lower down and more elemental." From the "natural history standpoint" he says there is no more question about the validity of "man's higher attributes than of his lower attributes,"—that the attributes of all natural objects and beings are the fundamentals of knowledge, and "they never can be explained by referring them to the attributes of other bodies lower in the scale."

Prof. Ritter contends that "materialism" in its effort "to reduce all things to a few simple material substances," and so explain them, "makes the actual world a manifestation of these deeper essences, and so subordinates the good there is in the world as well as the bad to these invisible simples."

Whereas, he says, that it is not the office of science to find "something more fundamental and elemental behind these attributes either high or low." Here is his great contention, that "matter" does not and cannot explain the attributes of man's nature, and that science will have to surrender what is "untenable and brutish" in its theory and accept, as does "natural history," the whole range of human attributes both high and low, without referring their origin to something lower than themselves.

Prof. Ritter does not try to explain the genesis of these higher attributes, and it will be interesting to observe how his fellow scientists take his assertion, that we should not "get behind" the actual world, or attempt to understand the constitution of the "matter" of which it is composed.

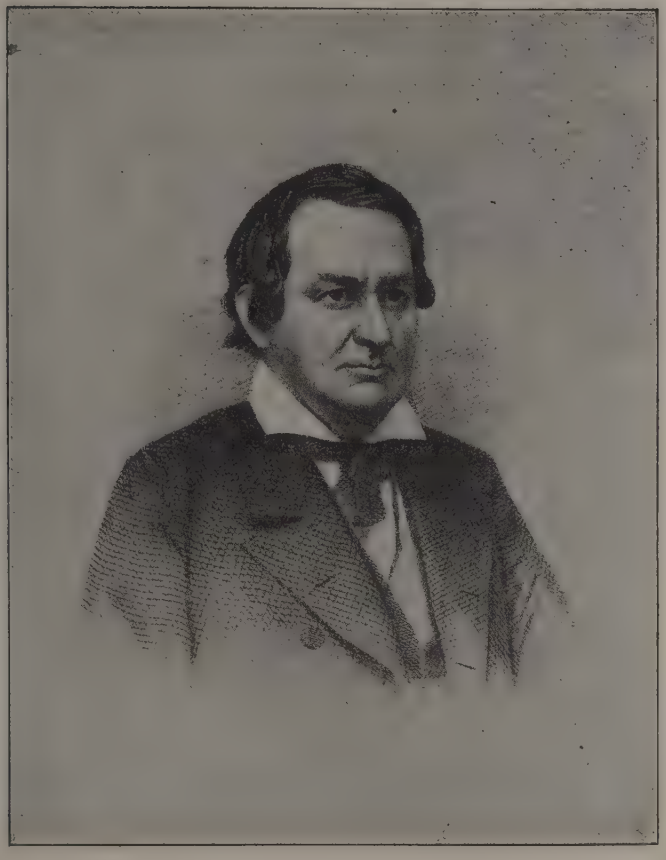
JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS



Your friend
Gerrit Smith

CHAPTER XII.

GERRIT SMITH IN CONGRESS.

The Diary:

Sept. 21, 1852. Notwithstanding the reasons I gave against it, I was today nominated for Congress by the Liberty Convention.

Reference already has been made to the vigorous canvass made by Mr. Smith, in connection with his nomination. Three tickets were in the field. Of the total vote of something short of 20,000, the Democratic candidate received 6,206; the candidate of the Whigs, 5,620; and Mr. Smith a little over 8,000.

The campaign evidently was not without its humors, as well as asperities and elements of profound seriousness, judging from a campaign song, written by one of Mr. Smith' admirers and supporters. The Irish vote was the prize the Lyrist was after, and he entitled his poetical effort:

A SONG TO IRISHMEN.

You patriotic Irishmen
  Who's loyal, just and true,
'Twas you that fought the battle
  That was gained at Waterloo.
Now your country's at a stake,
  It wants an honest man,
So make your choice of Gerrit Smith;
  Elect him if you can.

Remember well, and bear in mind
  The year of forty-nine,
When your once happy Ireland
  Did rage with great famine:
Who was the man to understand
  Both charity and wit?
Who sent two thousand dollars then,
  But noble Gerrit Smith.

The widow and the poor orphant
  In him do find a home:
He is a benefactor kind
  To the holy church of Rome.
To seek a home for you and all,
  There's none on earth more fit.
So hurry him off to Congress Hall,
  Our noble Gerrit Smith.

The *locos* they will flatter us,
  And tell us white is blue;
The *Whigs* will try to barter us
  For offices it's true;
Cling to the man who'll be your friend
  And never let's forget;
Give one strong pull together now,
  Hurra for Gerrit Smith.

Hurra! hurra! for Gerrit Smith:
  Now let the cry all be;
Two hundred acres of good land
  For every family:
One and all must have a home,
  No more have cause to fret,
Be nòt dismay'd, you'll gain the day
  For Human Rights and Smith!

Peter Blake, of Harmony Place, Cazenovia, was the author of this remarkable production.

CONFESSION OF POLITICAL FAITH.

Over a year intervened between Mr. Smith's election and the assembling of the 33rd Congress, and the time was filled with unusually hard work, even for him. As soon as the election figures were known, he wrote and had printed the following letter, which was sent out over the district:

To the Voters of the Counties of Oswego and Madison:—

You nominated me for a seat in Congress, notwithstanding I besought you not to do so. I had reached old age. I had never held office Nothing was more foreign to my expectations, and nothing was more foreign to my wishes, than the holding of office. My multiplied and extensive affairs gave me full employment. My habits, all formed in private life all shrank from public life. My plans of usefulness and happiness could be carried out only in the seclusion in which my years had been spent.

My nomination has resulted in my election. And now I wish I could resign the office which your partiality has accorded me. But I must not. It would be a most ungrateful and offensive requital of the rare generosity which broke through your strong attachment to party and bestowed your votes on me, the peculiarities of whose political creed leave him without a party. Very rare, indeed, is the generosity which was not to be repelled by a political creed among the peculiarities of which, are:—

(1) That it acknowledges no law, and knows no law for slavery.

(2) That the right to the soil is as natural, absolute and equal as the right to light and air.

(3) That political rights are not conventional, but natural

—inhering in all persons, the black as well as the white, the female as well as the male.

(4) That the doctrine of Free Trade is the necessary outgrowth of the doctrine of human brotherhood; and that to impose restrictions on commerce is to build up unnatural and sinful barriers across that brotherhood.

(5) That national wars are as brutal, barbarous and unnecessary as are the violence and bloodshed, to which misguided and frenzied individuals are prompted; and that our country should, by her own heaven-trusting and beautiful example, hasten the day when the nations of the earth "shall beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks."

(6) That the province of Government is but to protect—to protect persons and property.....Narrow, however, as are these limits, every duty within them is to be promptly performed: as well, for instance, the duty on the part of the Federal Government to put an end to the dramshop manufacture of paupers and madmen in the City of Washington, as the duty on the part of the State Government to put an end to it in the state.

(7) That, as far as practicable, every officer, from the highest to the lowest including especially the President and Postmaster, should be elected directly by the people.

I accept the office to which your votes have elected me;..... and, God helping me, I will so discharge its duties as neither to dishonor myself, nor you. GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, Nov. 5th, 1852.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE 33RD CONGRESS.

The 33rd Congress was to a large degree occupied with consideration of the slavery question. The Compromise measures of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave Act, had been acclaimed as a definite settlement of slavery as a political issue. There was to be another and a permanent era of good feeling.

But the hope was illusory. No measure hitherto passed by the national Congress had aroused so deep and widespread a revolt as the Fugitive Slave Act. While the indignation at its terms was at its height, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came from the press. As a serial, in the anti-slavery *National Era*, of Washington, it had failed to attract any wide reading or comment. But from the date of its appearing in book form, such was the eagerness of people to read the story that the printing presses were not able to supply copies fast enough to meet the demand. No work, in all the history of books, equalled its instant and widespread popularity. Few were the readers probably, who did not turn the last leaf with a sigh of pity for the enslaved; and thousands, very evidently, mingled with their pity a hope that somehow, and ere long, too, the institution that was productive of so much inhumanity, would cease to exist in the Republic.

And yet the currents of political life were singularly unresponsive to this rising moral opposition to slavery. In the same election that sent Gerrit Smith to the House of Representatives, Franklin Pierce was chosen President by a majority in the electoral college of 212 over the Whig candidate, General Scott; and John P. Hale and George W. Julian, candidates for President and Vice-President of the anti-slavery Free Democracy, received a popular vote of only 155,825.

Congress met in December, 1853, apparently in a quiet and pacific mood. But when, early in the session, Stephen A. Douglas introduced a measure for the organization of the territory of Nebraska, the deceitful quiet was interrupted. Douglas had been bringing forward a bill for erecting the vast region west of the Missouri River under the name of Nebraska, into a territory, at the beginning of every Congress since 1844. It was introduced at this time, however, with the provision that states which should thereafter be formed out of the territory, should leave the question of slavery to the decision of the inhabitants when they came to the adoption of a state constitution. As the famous Missouri Compromise of 1820 had solemnly dedicated all that domain to freedom, Senator Douglas' measure was a proposition to abrogate that agreement. And to relieve the matter of any doubt, an Amendment to the Nebraska Bill was offered, in accordance with which the Missouri Compromise was specifically annulled, so far as it applied to the domain in question. Douglas accepted this amendment, withdrew his original bill and introduced another in its place, by the terms of which, two Territories, Nebraska and Kansas, were provided for, instead of the single Territory of Nebraska. Douglas urged as an excuse for deliberately breaking the Compromise, that in no other way was it possible to secure southern support for the bill erecting the region into Territories. And as to the need of bringing that extensive range of country under organized government there could be no two opinions.

The introduction of the Nebraska-Kansas Bill opened the flood-gates of moral indignation throughout all portions of the North in which there was any sentiment opposed to slavery. Whittier had written to Garrison, thanking God for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, because it gave occasion to Mrs. Stowe to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and friends of freedom might, in 1854, have rejoiced at the action of Douglas in throwing down the barriers against slavery extension that had been erected by the Missouri Compromise; since it had awakened an intensity of opposition to pro-slavery statesmanship that promised never to sleep again.

Gerrit Smith was unable to be in Washington for the opening of Congress owing to sickness. He took his seat for the first time on the 12th of December. Fortunately his health improved and he was able to enact the full duty of a busy and faithful member during the session.

Mr. Smith enjoyed the distinction, if distinction it was, of being a man without a party. He represented the top of the moral wave in his district, and was under no pledges to any political group, or any interest, of one sort or another. His position was that of perfect independence. His reputation as a philanthropist had preceded him, and in spite of the ultra attitude which he was known to occupy in regard to Slavery, Temperance, War, Trade, Land and the very functions of Government, he met with a cordial welcome from men of all classes. This sentiment of personal kindliness was never withdrawn from him, notwithstanding the fact, that in a single session of the Congress, he succeeded in expressing his mind fully on all the subjects named, and with a plainness of speech and emphasis that could not be exceeded.

Mr. Smith's greatest effort on the floor of the House was his speech against the Nebraska Bill. It drew from Elihu Burritt, the apostle of Peace, this letter:

Washington, April 10th, 1854.

My Dear Friend:

My inmost soul thanks you with gladness and gratitude for your grand and noble speech on Thursday last. I am glad at heart that divine Providence has brought you to a position in which you could give such a mighty utterance to truth and right. And the Southern men listened with an attention and respect which were an involuntary homage to truth, as you denied the right of slavery to exist on any foot of this broad

land. It must have been the first time their ears ever heard such a doctrine on that floor.

Yours affectionately,

ELIHU BURRITT.[1]

It was indeed, a remarkable speech; not for its eloquence alone, though foes and friends alike bore witness to that feature of it; but for the high and unfaltering moral ground which it took at the beginning and maintained to the close. Charles Sumner wrote of it, "Your speech is an arsenal of truth, whence others will draw bright weapons." The principles on which it was based are as applicable today to our burning questions, as they were at the time of its delivery.

The substance of Lincoln's famous declaration, "This country cannot exist half slave and half free," uttered four years later, is contained in this speech.

"This is a proper stage of my argument," runs the passage, "for saying, *that we all know enough of freedom and slavery to know that they cannot live together permanently. One must conquer the other.* American slavery lacks but two things to make sure of her victory over American liberty; and from present indications she is determined to lack that no longer. One of these two things is its conceded right to overspread all our unorganized territory: and the other is its conceded right to carry slaves through the free states. Let slavery succeed in these two respects—let the Bill we are now considering become a statute,.....and I admit that the way will be clear for slavery to make a quick and easy conquest of liberty."

A paragraph in the speech that immediately followed was remarkable as an utterance of prophecy:

"I acknowledge my partial reconcilement to this attempt of slavery to get more territory—to this bold push for all that is left, so far as unorganized territory is concerned. And if slavery shall come off as badly as the dog, who, in opening his mouth to seize another piece of meat, lost in the deceitful and shadow-casting stream, the piece he already had, it will have no one to blame for its folly but its own voracious self."

The speech is filled with important historical information; it shows familiarity not only with laws but with the law, the theory and ethics of legislation. It is crowded with pregnant facts. And its spirit is a spirit of unswerving adherance to justice and truth. Never was slavery condemned more unreservedly; never was slave-catching, slave-trading, slave-holding held up to view as more abhorrent to morals, religion and the pure instincts of the heart. And yet the speaker would not be unjust to the Southern slaveholders.

"Perhaps such language as I have been holding will occasion the remark, that I am prejudiced against the South. But I know that I am not. I love the South equally well with the North. My heart goes out as strongly to Southern as to Northern men on this floor. For I am far from attributing to Southern men a peculiarly severe nature. I had rather attribute to them a peculiarly generous nature. I believe that there is not another people on this earth, in whose hands the system would work more kindly, with less of cruelty and horror. Nowhere can it work well—for there is nothing in it to work well. Nowhere can it be unattended with the most frightful and deplorable abuses—for it is itself the most stupendous abuse."

Referring to the degrading and corrupting influence of slavery upon the nation, Mr. Smith gave utterance to an aphorism worthy of immortality:

"Time was," said he, "when we might have crushed this monster. But now, it has crushed us. It has corrupted us to such an extent that there is scarcely a sound spot left in us, at which to begin to rally opposition to it. On no cheaper condition than this can slavery be clung to. If we will be slaveholders,.....we must take the evil consequences upon our own understandings and hearts, and not be surprised at them. *Men cannot bind the degrading chain of slavery around their brothers without at the same time binding and degrading themselves with it.*"

(To be continued.)

[1] Gerrit Smith's "denial of the right of slavery to exist on any foot of this broad land" was founded, as has been explained, on the strictly legal interpretation of the Constitution. The case for the Unconstitutionality of Slavery, had been brought to the attention of the reading public, in two works by Lysander Spooner, bearing that title, the first published in 1845 and the other, two years later. Mr. Spooner was a man of great legal erudition, which he held at the command of a strong and logical mind. His arguments, supported by authorities of unquestioned acceptance, as to principles of construction, and by court decisions of the supreme tribunal of the nation, as to the determination of the meaning of the Constitution depending on its words, was unanswerable. A clearer piece of reasoning, or one freer from special pleading was never constructed. At this day, fifty years after the abolition of slavery by an amendment to the Constitution (which, according to Spooner's argument was not in the least needed), his books are good and interesting reading, for their clearness, cogency and fine moral fervor.

Gerrit Smith held Lysander Spooner in very high esteem. Having come to an identical conclusion as to the significance of the Constitution from his own study of it, he hailed that sturdy advocate of the moral integrity of the nation's fundamental law, as a strong ally of the cause of public righteousness.

"Everything Convenes."

We depend upon machinery not only for the things that we want, but for the brains with which to decide what we want. If a man wants to know what he thinks, he starts a club; and if he wants to be sure he calls a convention. Every idea we have is run into a constitution. We cannot think without a chairman. Our whims have secretaries, our fads have by-laws. Literature is a club. Philosophy is a society. Our reforms are mass meetings. Our culture is a society summer school. We cannot mourn our mighty dead without Carnegie Hall and forty vice-presidents.

We remember our poets with trustees, and the immortality of a genius is watched by a standing committee. Charity is an association. Theology is a set of resolutions. Religion is an endeavor to be numerous and communicative. We awe the impenitent with crowds, convert the world with boards, and save the lost with delegates; and how Jesus of Nazareth could have done so great a work without being on a committee is beyond our ken. What Socrates and Solomon would have come to if they had only had the advantages of conventions it would be hard to say; but in these days, when an excursion train is applied to wisdom, when, having little enough, we try to make it more by pulling it about, when secretaries urge us, treasurers dun us, programs unfold out of every mail, where is the man who, guileless-eyed, can look in his brother's face; can declare upon his honor that he has never been a delegate, never belonged to anything, never been nominated, elected, imposed upon in his life.

Everything convenes, revolves, petitions, adjourns. Nothing stays adjourned. We have reports that think for us, committees that do right for us, and platforms that spread their wooden lengths over all the things we love, until there is hardly an inch of the dear old earth to stand on, where fresh and sweet and from day to day, we can live our lives ourselves, pick the flowers, look at the stars, guess at God, garner our grain and die. Every new and fresh human being that comes upon the earth is manufactured into a coward or crowded into a machine as soon as we get at him. We have already come to the point where we do not expect to interest anybody in anything without a constitution. And the Eugenic Society is busy now on by-laws for falling in love.

From "Crowds," by Gerald Stanley Lee.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, MEADVILLE, PA.

Important Notice.

The President and Faculty of the Meadville Theological School take pleasure in making the following announcements to the friends of the school and to all interested in the liberal churches and their ministry:

By vote of the Trustees of the School, passed at the Annual Meeting of the Board, June 3, 1914, the recommendations of the Faculty for a radical reorganization of the curriculum and calendar were endorsed, and practical steps initiated for their full realization on and after the opening of the next term of the school, September 29, 1914.

The changes inaugurated include:

1st. A four-term year of forty-four weeks schooling, with eight weeks of recess to be suitably divided between terms, thus eliminating the long summer vacation and securing for all students greater economy of time.

2d. A summer session at Meadville so planned as to serve the needs not only of seniors of the school but also of those taking special work, to fit for service as parish assistants, heads of settlements and directors of religious education and offering in addition attractive courses to ministers and others already in the field in social service, religious education, the work of preaching and kindred studies.

3d. A sub-junior or preparatory collegiate course of four to six terms for all students seeking entrance to the school and lacking college preparation; all such students to be under educational direction of the Faculty of this school whether taking preparatory courses at Meadville or at some other institution, and all opportunities of study so arranged as to facilitate progress toward entrance to the Theological School proper.

4th. Arrangements with Chicago University by which the Meadville students taking a three years' course may have the privilege of spending two summer sessions at the Chicago University, under the direction of this Faculty, which will be represented at that institution by one of its number, in the first instance by Dr. Francis A. Christie.

5th. The offering of supplementary scholarships of $125 each to sub-junior and junior students to meet the additional cost of the summer session at Chicago, and of $75 each to senior students to meet the additional expense of the summer session at Meadville.

6th. The closing of the senior year in September instead of as formerly in June, in order to facilitate prompt placement in parish work after graduation. This plan secures for the seniors during the last term of work at Meadville, the advantage of special instruction from non-resident lecturers who will assist in making the summer session inspiring and helpful. The vital elements of technique in the ministerial profession must be gained through apprenticeship and practice in the actual work. This newly accepted plan secures to all Meadville students as early an entrance as may be, without sacrifice of thoroughness and breadth of culture, to that drill of responsible effort in the actual field of work.

7th. A special one-year course of four terms, beginning in September, 1914, for the training of parish assistants, head-workers in church settlements, directors of moral and religious education, and lay helpers in the educational social work of churches. This course will include lectures and class work in:

I. Bible Study, Church History and Practical Church Work.

II. Child Psychology and Moral and Religious Education.

III. Applied Sociology, including Economics, Social Service and Social Reform.

It will be noted that this plan not only assures well-knit and intensive courses of study at Meadville, but adds the unique advantage of a stimulating touch with a great university in a western city, while saving a year's time in the required preparation for the ministry, thus falling into line with the new movements in many technical schools toward economy of effort and efficiency of service. The far-reaching importance of this step will be best appreciated by those most familiar with the changes recently made in the conduct of similar institutions, and for the same educational and economic reasons. That the seventieth anniversary of the Meadville School is thus signalized by so modern and progressive a movement of advance marks the date as an historic landmark in its honorable and useful career. It shows that this institution, to which churches and individuals of the Unitarian faith and order have given such generous support, is determined to serve its helpers by increased use of all the aids to vocational training which the modern school affords. It proves that Meadville Theological School is seventy years young in its sensitiveness to the social currents that sweep toward closer co-operation between the leaders of religious thought and work of every name, and which press toward higher usefulness to the world by and through every function of the church. This action of the trustees, supported with such enthusiasm by the Alumni, whose successful service in the churches of our faith justify the confidence in the conduct of this school so long shown by the Unitarian body of the whole United States, is interpreted by the Faculty as a new commission to more devoted and constant service to the liberal churches of our country.

FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH,
President,
FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE,
CARL FRIEDRICH GREVE,
CLAYTON R. BOWEN,
ROBERT J. HUTCHEON,
ANNA GARLIN SPENCER,
LEROY WATERMAN,
Faculty.

THE TEMPERANCE POSTERS

On June 9 the National Federation of Women's Clubs meets in Chicago. Out of the many exhibits that might be offered the women have, we think, chosen four characteristic ones—Child Welfare, Garbage, Town Planning and Alcohol Education through Posters—an exhibit prepared by Boston doctors and social workers. Mrs. William Tilton, chairman of the exhibit, will stay at the Abraham Lincoln Centre and is open to speaking engagements on "The Poster Campaign Against Alcohol."

DR. CROOKER IN ENGLAND

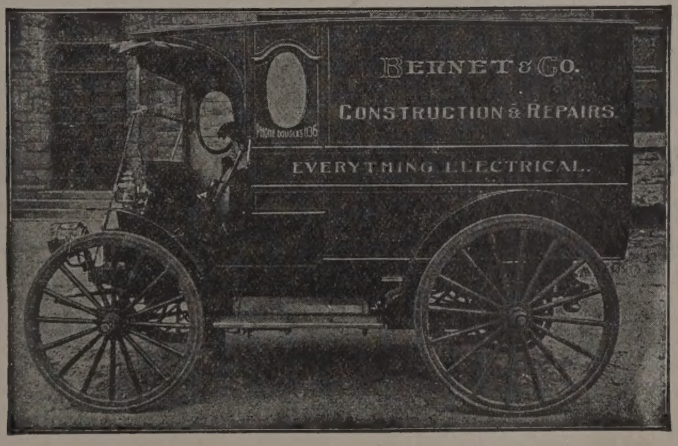
Our friend and colleague, Dr. J. H. Crooker is having a good time among the dons and undergraduates of Cambridge, England, where he has been preaching for a month. His new book on "Shall I Drink" is soon due from the *Pilgrim Press* and it is sure to be loaded with effective ammunition to be used in the hard-fought battle against the most cruel of tyrants, Alcohol. We are glad Mr. and Mrs. Crooker are sojourning abroad under circumstances so pleasant. We are glad that his ministry in the United States is being continued in the pages of this book.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

For the Lenten Season
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH
EVERYTHING IN THE FISH LINE
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
R. FRANZ
732-734 East 39th Street Telephone, Douglas 7014

Prompt Service



Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue Phone, Drexel 1436

DREXEL STATE BANK
Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00
A bank for the residents of this Section. More convenient than down-town—just as secure.

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

RAISE PIGEONS
They Pay Dollars while Chickens Pay Cents
The young, 20 to 25 days old, sell for 40 to 60 cents each (according to the season). The city markets are always clamoring for them.
Each pair of Pigeons will raise 18 to 22 young a year
They will clear you, above all expenses, $5.00 a year per pair. They breed the entire year. Twenty minutes daily will care for 100 pairs.
Always penned up out of the way
Very small space required
All this is fully explained in this month's issue of our Journal; send for it; price 10 cents.
Reliable Squab Journal • Versailles, Mo.

WHICH CHURCH?

In a speech made at a dinner given to the American deputation to the Free Churches of England to consider a World Conference on Faith and Order, Dr. Newman Smyth informed his auditors that just before leaving the United States a lesson was given by a Syrian child in one of the missions, which the American churches were ready to take to heart. The child was sent to Boston, where she was asked to what Church she belonged. Her teachers in the mission field had omitted to give her sectarian instruction and she could only answer: "I belong to the Christian Church." She was so much perplexed by the questions put to her that she wrote to her teachers in the mission field, asking them to please tell her to what Church she belonged. Said Dr. Smyth: "I could not help thinking as I heard that story of the beautiful scene in the gospel narrative when a little child was set in the midst of them."—*Christian Advocate.*

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

We quote below the curious old prediction first published in England in 1641 as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy." It is the basis for an interesting psychological study—in the light of subsequent events—especially the discoveries and inventions of the past century:

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet it shall be true.
The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air shall man be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found 'mid stone
In a land that's yet unknown.
Fire and waters shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
And the world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

JONES

DAIRY FARM

Sausage

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Avenue
H. F. EGGERS
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES

FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Removal Notice

FORCED TO MOVE

The building which we now occupy will be torn down January 1, 1913. We have secured the entire building at 24 West Lake street, near State, where we are permanently located. However, we shall continue to operate this store at 24 North Wabash until December 31.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Schumann & Co.

CLEANERS OF

Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone, Drexel 231
All departments

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalog address, The Registrar, Meadville Theological School

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney

288 Summit Ave.

ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.